NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXIV. No 2. MONTREAL & NEW-YORK, JANUARY 25, 1889. 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

UNDER THE SURFACE.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Into the bay of Wick stretched the dark length of the unfinished break-water, in its cage of open staging; the travellers (like frames of churches) over-plumbing all; and away at the extreme end, the divers toiling unseen on the foundation. On a platform of loose planks, the assistants turned their air-mills; a stone might be seen swinging between wind and water; underneath the swell ran gayly; and from time to time, a mailed dragon with a window glass snout came dripping up the ladder. To go down in the dress, that was my absorbing fancy; and with the countenance of a certain handsome scamp of a diver, Bob Bain by name, I gratified the whim.

It was gray, harsh, easterly weather, the swell ran pretty high, and out in the open there were "skipper's daughters," when I found myself at last on the diver's platform, twenty pounds of lead upon each foot and my whole person swollen with ply and ply of woollen underclothing. One moment, the salt wind was whistling round my night-capped head; the next, I was crushed almost double under the weight of helmet. As that intolerable burthen was laid upon me, I could have found it in my heart (only for shame's sake) to cry off from the whole enterprise. But it was too late. The attendants began to turn the hurdy-gurdy and the air to whistle through the tube; some one screwed in the barred window of the vizor; and I was cut off in a moment from my fellow-men; standing there in their midst, but quite divorced from intercourse: a creature deaf and dumb, pathetically looking forth upon them from a climate of his own. Except that I could move and feel, I was like a man fallen in a catalepsy. But time was scarce given me to realize my isolation; the weights were hung upon my back and breast, the signal rope was thrust into my unresisting hand; and setting a twenty-pound foot upon the ladder, I began ponderously to descend.

Some twenty rounds below the platform, twilight fell. Looking up, I saw a low green heaven mottled with vanishing bells of white; looking around, except for the weedy spokes and shafts of the ladder, nothing but a green gloaming, somewhat opaque but very restful and delicious. Thirty rounds lower, I stepped off on the *pierres perdues* of the foundation; a dumb helmeted figure took me by the hand, and made a gesture (as I read it) of encouragement; and looking in at the creature's window, I beheld the face of Bain. There we were, hand to hand and (when it pleased us) eye to eye; and either might have burst himself with shouting, and not a whisper come to his companion's hearing. Each, in his own little world of air, stood incommunicably separate.

Bob had told me ere this a little tale, a five-minutes' drama at the bottom of the sea, which at that moment possiby shot across my mind. He was down with another, settling a stone of the sea-wall. They had it well adjusted, Bob gave the signal, the scissors were slipped, the stone set home; and it was time to turn to something else. But still his companion remained bowed over the block like a mourner on a tomb, or only raised himself to make absurd contortions and mysterious signs unknown to the vocabulary of the diver. There, then, these two stood for a while, like the dead and the living; till there flashed a fortunate thought into Bob's mind, and he stooped, peered through the window of that other world, and beheld the face of its inhabitant wet with streaming tears. Ah! the man was in pain! And Bob, glancing downward, saw what was the trouble; the block had been lowered on the foot of that unfortunate—he was caught alive at the bottom of the sea under fifteen tons of rock.

That two men should handle a stone so heavy even swinging in the scissors, may appear strange to the inexpert. These must bear in mind the great density of the water of the sea, and the surprising results of transplantation to that medium. To understand a little what these are, and how a man's weight, so far from being an encumbrance, is the very ground of his agility, was the chief lesson of my submarine experience. The knowledge came upon me by degrees. As I began to go forward with the hand of my estranged companion, a world of tumbled stones was visible, pillared with the weedy uprights of the staging; overhead, a flat roof of green; a little in front, the sea-wall, like an unfinished rampart. And presently, in our upward progress, Bob motioned me to leap upon a stone; I looked to see if he were possibly in earnest, and he only signed to me the more imperiously. Now the block stood six feet high; it would have been quite a leap to me unencumbered; with the breast and back weights, and the twenty pounds upon each foot, and the staggering load of the helmet, the thing was out of reason. I laughed aloud in my tomb; and to prove to Bob how far he was astray, I gave a little impulse from my toes. Up I soared like a bird, my companion soaring at my side. As high as to the stone, and then higher, I pursued my impotent and empty flight. Even when the strong arm of Bob had checked my shoulders, my heels continued their ascent; so that I blew out sideways like an autumn leaf, and must be hauled in, hand over hand, as sailors haul in the slack of a sail, and propped upon my feet again like an intoxicated sparrow. Yet a little higher on the foundation, and we began to be affected by the bottom of the swell, running there like a strong breeze of wind. Or so I must suppose; for, safe in my cushion of air, I was conscious of

"THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY." (See next page.)

no impact, only swayed idly like a weed; and was now swiftly—and yet with dream-like gentleness—impelled against my guide. So does a child's balloon divagate upon the currents of the air, and touch and slide off again from every obstacle. So must have ineffectually swung, so resented their inefficiency, those "light crowds" that followed the Star of Hades and uttered "exiguous voices" in the land beyond Cocytus.

There was something strangely exasperating, as well as strangely wearying, in these uncommanded evolutions. It is bitter to return to infancy, to be supported, and directed, and perpetually set upon your feet by the hand of someone else. The air besides, as it is supplied to you by the busy millers on the platform, closes the eustachian tubes and keeps the neophyte perpetually swallowing, till his throat is grown so dry that he can swallow no longer. And for all these reasons—although I had a fine, dizzy, muddle-headed joy in my surroundings, and longed, and tried, and always failed, to lay hands on the fish that darted here and there about me, swift as humming-birds—yet I fancy I was rather relieved than otherwise when Bain brought me back to the ladder and signed to me to mount. And there was one more experience before me even then. Of a sudden, my ascending head passed into the trough of a swell. Out of the green, I shot at once into a glory of rosy, almost of sanguine light—the multitudinous seas incarnadined, the heaven above a vault of crimson. And then the glory faded into the hard, ugly daylight of a Caithness autumn, with a low sky, a gray sea, and a whistling wind.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.

How many times, within the glass,
I see a figure pause and pass;
As like myself as it can be,
And yet it scarcely looks at me.

But one day, one, before the glass
I paused, and did not dare to pass;
For there, with some foreknowledge lit,
A face looked out—I looked at it.

The sad eyes pierced me through and through,
From the set lips a challenge flew;
As it had passed through searching flame,
A voice, imperious, called my name.

Before some clear, inshining light,
My earthly atoms fled from sight;
As that which evermore would be,
My soul itself confronted me.

I looked at it, ashamed, dismayed;
It wore a crown—I was afraid;
As one who might, it made demands
Of blood and brain, of heart and hands.

It questioned me, it whispered clear
Great secrets that I ought to hear;
It bade me keep, in solemn trust,
Its royal purple from the dust.

The tryst was ended—I could see
A veil drop down 'twixt it and me;
I had no question more to ask
Of Life or Death—I knew my task.

—*Ellen M. H. Gates, in Scribner.*

A MISSIONARY INCIDENT.

Dr. J. L. Philips made an address at the late annual meeting of the American Tract Society, in New York, in which he related the following incident as illustrating the value of books and tracts in missionary work:—

A young Brahmin came to my bungalow one day in Midnapore, and wished to become a Christian and join our Bible school. A few weeks later I visited his village and found that the whole family of five persons had intelligently believed on our Lord Jesus Christ and were ready for baptism. By the help of my native brethren I examined these native converts, and they were baptized and organized into a branch church. Generally the poorer and lower castes came first; but here it was the Brahmin, and the church was planted in the first family of that Hindoo village. My horse stood saddled at the door, and I was about starting for home after breaking bread with these new disciples, when a thought came to me, and I called the young man and asked him what it was that first turned his mind towards Christ. Quietly slipping away into the next room, he soon returned, bringing a little book. Imagine, if you can, my surprise and delight when he said, "This little book first brought light to our home," and when he added, too, "You let me have it ten years ago." And he was right, for on the corner of the fly-leaf I found in pencil my own mark, being the date, the price (six pice, or about four cents), and my initials. That year I now and then marked a book like this. A school-boy of ten asked me for the best book I had left. We were returning home from a tour, and our book box was almost empty. I gave him a Bengali copy of "Peep of Day," not knowing that in ten years my book would come back to me bearing golden fruit. It was the Lord's doing and marvellous in our eyes.

MEMORIZING SCRIPTURE.

By suitable persuasives persistently followed up, the end is almost sure to be gained. Suppose the teacher, after having told the class the week before what he desired in this matter, and how much he will be pleased with their doing it, should begin the lesson on this wise: "You heard my request last Sunday about committing the verses to memory; which of you are prepared to recite them now? I see that three of you are ready; I am delighted! Are there any others that know part of the verses? It seems that almost all of you know one verse or more. That is an excellent beginning; now let us try an experiment that I am sure will interest you. We will all close our books and listen to William while he recites the verses; no one must interrupt him while he is reciting, and no one must look in the book; but after he is through, let us see if you or I, any of us, have noticed any mistakes that he made, any word misplaced or left out. Now, William go on.' But as will often occur, especially at first, suppose no one of the class is ready to undertake the recitation. Then let the teacher say: 'Well, perhaps some of you may be ready next Sunday; if you cannot at first come prepared to say the whole, try and say a part, if it is only a verse or two, make a beginning. To-day as none of you seem willing, I will try and say the verses myself, and as I do so, all of you open your Bibles and see if I make any mistake. I dare say I shall, for it is difficult for me to commit to memory; but I have studied the verses a good deal, and I think I have the words by heart. Do not interrupt me while I am reciting, for that would confuse me; but note carefully every word as I proceed, and at the end let me know every mistake that I shall make.' Suppose a considerable number of the class, but not all, know the words: the teacher might vary the exercise in this way: 'William and Joseph and Thomas and Theodore and myself think we know the words: the rest of you, who do not, open your Bibles and watch for mistakes, while we recite the passage verse about. I will take the first verse, William the second, and so on.' Now if I know anything of child nature, it is not possible but that exercises like these will gradually take effect; there will be a healthy excitement about it; the minds of the scholars will be stirred up to exertion in the way of committing to memory. Let the teacher, however, always identify himself with the class; say 'we' instead of 'you.' In all our efforts to get work out of others, it makes a great difference whether we say, 'Come, boys! or 'Go, boys?'"—*Prof. John S. Hart.*

WHY THE YOKE IS EASY.

Mark Guy Pearse tells us of an incident which occurred in connection with a sermon of his on Christ's invitation to the weary and heavy laden.

I had finished my sermon, when a good man came to me and said: "I wish I had known what you were going to preach about. I could have told you something."

"Well, my friend," I said, "it is very good of you. May I not have it still?"

"Do you know why His yoke is light, sir? If not, I think I can tell you."

"Well, because the good Lord helps us to carry it, I suppose."

"No, sir," he explained, shaking his head; "I think I know better than that. You see, when I was a boy at home, I used to drive the oxen in my father's yoke. And the yoke was never made to balance, sir, as you said." (I had referred to the Greek word. But how much better it was to know the real thing.)

He went on triumphantly: "Father's yokes were always made heavier on one side than the other. Then, you see, we would put a weak bullock in alongside of a strong bullock, and the light end would come on the weak bullock, because the stronger one had the heavy part of it on his shoulder."

Then his face lit up as he said: "That is why the yoke is easy and the burden is light; because the Lord's yoke is made after the same pattern, and the heavy end is upon his shoulder."

So shall ye find rest to your souls.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 10.

THE FIERCE DEMONIAC.—Mark 5: 1-20.

COMMIT VERSES 18-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee.—Mark 5: 19.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 4: 21-41.
T. Mark 5: 1-20.
W. Matt. 8: 28-34.
Th. Luke 8: 26-40.
F. Rev. 20: 1-15.
Sa. 1 John 3: 1-10.
Su. Eph. 6: 10-24.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *The other side:* from Capernaum. *Into the country of the Gadarenes:* on the south-east coast. (See Place.) 2. *Tombs:* caves formed by nature, or cut in the rocks. There are many such around Gadara. *Unclean spirit:* a demon. 3. *Dwelling among the tombs:* there were no asylums for the insane, and they had to keep in desolate places. 4. *With fetters and chains:* fetters were for the feet; chains for any other part of the body. *Plucked asunder:* he was so strong and fierce that nothing could hold him. Matthew says that it was dangerous for any one to pass that way, and Luke says he was naked. 5. *Crying:* with loud, unearthly yells. *Cutting himself:* and maiming himself with sharp-edged stones. 6. *When he saw Jesus.....he ran:* to Jesus. This was probably from a longing of the man to get rid of the demon, and break from his fearful master. 7. *I adjure:* entreat solemnly, as under oath, or the penalty of a curse. 9. *Thy name:* asked to bring him to self-consciousness. *Legion:* 6,000 was a Roman legion. It is used for a large number. 10. *Out of the country:* out of their permitted abode on earth. They did not want to go back to their punishment. 11. *Swine:* the property of Gentiles or Jews. If of the Jews, it was forbidden; if of the Gentiles, it was a temptation and insult to God's people. 13. *Gave leave:* not told them to go, but did not prevent them. *Why did Jesus give this permission?* Because (1) there may have been no other way to make the man feel that he was cured till he saw the demons somewhere else. (2) The loss of property called the attention of all the people to Jesus and his healing power, tended to save their souls, called them to repentance. (3) It was a bad business, forbidden to the Jews, and tempting and demoralizing if pursued among Jews by the heathen. A bad business must fall before Christ. 14. *They went out:* all the people of that region. 15. *Clothed,* etc.: a type of what Christ does for all sinners who come to him. *Afraid:* they were in the presence of a power that filled them with awe and alarm, and their consciences were awakened. 17. *To depart:* for fear of still greater harm to them or their property. They did not care for the relief of poor men, but only for their own property. 20. *Decapolis:* the region (of ten cities east of the Jordan) of which Gadara formed a part.

SUBJECT: THE WONDERFUL CHANGE.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE DEMONIAC (vs. 1-5).—What kind of a country was Gadara? Describe the demoniac that met Jesus here. Why did he live in the tombs? Why are devils called unclean spirits? What showed this man's strength? Why did they want to bind him? How did he injure himself? What do you learn about him from v. 9? What is a legion? How does the Bible describe these evil spirits? (John 8: 44; Eph. 2: 2; 6: 12; 1 Pet. 5: 8; Rev. 12: 9. Can this evil power harm us unless we yield to sin? (1 Pet. 5: 8; Eph. 4: 27; 6: 13; James 4: 7.)

II. A TYPE OF THE POWER AND EFFECTS OF SIN.—Was this demoniac once an innocent child? How did he come to be in such a terrible state? Does sin seem so very evil at first? Does it ever in this world or the next make men like this demoniac? Can we judge of the nature of sin till it has done its work? In how many respects is this demoniac a type of the sinner, as to his separation from men, his strength, cannot be restrained, his injury of himself, his injury of others (Matt 8: 28), his unrest, his foreboding (v. 7), his name (v. 9)?

III. THE WONDERFUL CHANGE (vs. 6-13, 15).—Why did the demoniac go to Jesus? What did he ask of Jesus? What did Jesus command? What favor did the unclean spirits ask of Jesus? What did they do? What became of the swine? Why did Jesus permit such a loss of property? What change was made in the man? What three marks of his being cured are given? Picture the change.

IV. A TYPE OF CONVERSION.—What great change is required of us all? (John 3: 3, 5: Ezek. 36: 26; 2 Cor. 5: 17.) What is one great result of this change? (Col. 1: 12, 13.) How does Paul express the contrast? (Gal. 5: 19-23.) Is every saved sinner at rest? (Rom 5: 1. With what is he clothed? (Job. 29: 14; Rev. 3: 5; Gal. 3: 27; Col. 3: 11.) How does forsaking sin prove that one is in his right mind?

V. OPPOSITION TO CHRIST (vs. 14-17).—What did the swineherds do? Who gathered together to see the wonder? Why did they wish Jesus to leave their country? How does this show their meanness of spirit? Do you think of any cases where people now act in the same way? Why did Jesus do as they wished? Did he ever come back to them? What did they lose by their course?

VI. THE SAVED SEEKING TO HELP OTHERS (vs. 18-20).—What did the cured man wish to do? Why? What did Jesus tell him to do? Did he do it? How could he do much good among his own people? Why more there than elsewhere? Was this another effort to save the Gadarenes who had rejected Jesus? Why should we first seek to bring those at home to Christ?

VII. APPLICATION TO TEMPERANCE.—In what respects does strong drink injure men as the demons did the man of whom we have been studying, as to home, friends, wretchedness, violence, torment, name of "legion"? What ruin is wrought by the demons of strong drink? Should we bring such men to Jesus? What change will be made in them? Why are some opposed to temperance? What good can those do who have been reformed?

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 17.

THE TIMID WOMAN'S TOUCH.—Mark 5: 25-34.

COMMIT VERSES 33, 34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not afraid, only believe.—Mark 5: 36.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Faith in Christ the means of salvation for body and soul.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 5: 21-43.
T. Matt. 9: 20-26.
W. Luke 8: 41-56.
Th. John 11: 1-19.
F. John 11: 20-45.
Sa. Matt. 15: 21-28.
Su. Luke 7: 1-10.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

25. *A certain woman:* her name not known. Tradition says she was a Gentile of Cesarea-Philippi, named Veronica. 27. *She had heard of Jesus:* she founds her faith on facts. Jesus had healed many, and therefore might cure her.

OBSTACLES TO HER FAITH.—(1) Sickness, (2) poverty, (3) she was timid and retiring, (4) all former efforts had proved failures, (5) great crowds around Jesus, (6) Jesus was busy, hastening to a dying girl.

Press: crowd. *Touched his garment:* rather (Matt. 9: 20), the *hem or border of his garment:* i. e., one of the four tufts or tassels attached to the four corners of the outer robe. 28. *If I may touch but his clothes:* she showed true faith, strong, active, reasonable, using all the means in her power. It was not superstition that led her to touch Jesus' garment, but faith; for in nearly all cases Jesus touched the one he healed. 29. *Straightway:* instantaneously. *Felt in her body:* there was a sense of returning health. 30. *Virtue:* healing power. *Who touched?* Christ was not ignorant, but wished to draw out from her a confession of her faith in order that her soul might be cured as well as her body. 31. *His disciples said:* Peter and they were with him (Luke 8: 45.) 33. *Fearing and trembling:* just as was natural a humble, shrinking woman should, at the public exposure, and knowing that, according to the Levitical law her touch was unclean. 34. *Daughter:* a term of affection, also implying a spiritual relationship. *Thy faith hath made thee whole:* hath cured thee, saved thee, both body and soul. Christ saved her, but her faith was the condition.

SUBJECT: THE FAITH-CURE FOR HUMAN ILLS.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE SUFFERING ONE (vs. 25, 26.)—Where was Jesus going when our lesson opens? Who went with him? Who came to him on the way? What efforts had she made to be cured? With what success? How ong had she been trying?

II. AN ACTED PARABLE.—Do people take as much pains to be saved from their sins? Can they save themselves? What are some of the ways in which men seek to be saved without going to Jesus? (Note what Bunyan's Christian did before he went to the cross.) What is the usual result of such efforts?

III. GOING TO JESUS (vs. 27-29.)—What had the woman learned about Jesus? Was this a good foundation for faith? Have we the same reason for going to Jesus for help? What hinderances do you find, in the narrative, in her way? What did she do? What did she expect? Did Jesus usually touch those whom he healed? What was the result?

IV. SAVED BY FAITH (vs. 30-34).—How did Jesus know she touched him with faith? What did he ask? Was this because he did not know? What was his object? What did Peter answer? What was the difference between her touch and that of the throng? Is it possible for us to be close to God's Word, and worship, and the influences of his Spirit, and yet not be benefited thereby? What is the reason?

What did the woman do? Did this public confession help her to be saved? What did Jesus say to her? How did faith make her whole? What were the characteristics of her faith? Why does God require us to believe in order to be saved? Will faith help us in sickness and trials? (James 5: 15; Rom. 8: 28.) Why must we believe? (Heb. 11: 6.) What kind of faith must we have? (James 2: 14-17.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

(First Quarter, 1889.)

1. Jan. 6.—The Mission of John the Baptist.—Mark 1: 1-11.
2. Jan. 13.—A Sabbath in the life of Jesus.—Mark 1: 21-31.
3. Jan. 20.—Healing of the Leper.—Mark 1: 35-45.
4. Jan. 27.—Forgiveness and Healing.—Mark 2: 1-12.
5. Feb. 3.—The Parable of the Sower.—Mark 4: 10-20.
6. **Feb. 10.—The Fierce Demoniac.—Mark 5: 1-20.**
7. **Feb. 17.—The Timid Woman's Touch.—Mark 5: 25-34.**
8. Feb. 24.—The Great Teacher and the Twelve.—Mark 6: 1-13.
9. Mar. 3.—Jesus the Messiah.—Mark 8: 27-38; 9: 1.
10. Mar. 10.—The Childlike Spirit.—Mark 9: 33-42.
11. Mar. 17.—Christ's Love to the Young.—Mark 10: 13-22.
12. Mar. 24.—Blind Bartimeus.—Mark 10: 46-52.
13. Mar. 31.—Review, Missions, and Temperance.—Eph. 5: 15-21.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HELPING MAMMA.

The cream was ready for the churn,
The churn made ready for the cream,
And mamma with a careful hand,
Poured in the golden stream.

Our little Bertie, three years old,
In silence watched the process through,
Then climbed from off his "train of cars"
To "see what mamma do."

And when my hands the dasher clasped,
He raised his pleading eyes to mine,—
"Mamma, let Bertie help 'oo churn;
I tan churn nice and fine."

And so the little hands took hold,
They made the churning doubly hard,
But still, that earnest wish to help,
How could I disregard?

How could I fill those eyes with tears
And quench the love-light shining there,
And banish from his heart a plant
Which should bloom bright and fair,

And which at more convenient time,
I should be glad to cultivate?
If I should chill the starting bud
It then might be too late.

And so I churned and churned away
With not a protest, not a frown,
Though he pull down when I pulled up,
And up when I pulled down.

But when 'twas done, how sweet to see
His eyes in love to me upturn,
And hear him say with confidence,
"Mamma, I helped 'oo churn."

Ah! darling Bertie, so you did,
But more, you helped me feel it true
My heavenly Father loveth me
Better than I love you.

Oh, when I try to work for Him,
Or when I strive to do His will,
My work, like thine, though wrought with zeal,
Is poor, imperfect still.

But he will not send me away
Or chill my heart with cold neglect;
My well-meant service offered him,
He never will reject.

—*Belle Warner, in Housekeeper.*

WHY WORK YOURSELF TO DEATH?

If you cannot afford to keep a servant and must do all your own work, there are some things that must be left undone about the house. There must be dust on the furniture sometimes, and the silver cannot always be kept bright. If the caller who can keep two or three servants comes in and sees these things, don't feel utterly crushed and disgraced. If she will suffer such small things to detract from her good opinion of you, she is too small minded to be worth cultivating, and if she stops calling so much the better for you. This is not meant to uphold "slack" housekeeping as a general thing, but where it is your life or your house, it is generally more to your advantage, unless you are tired of this world, to save your life. When there is only one pair of hands to do it all, it is next to impossible to keep a house the pink of neatness all the time. True, there is always to be found the man or woman who rises up and says there was Susan Green, who used to do all her own work and things just shone. Well, Susan Green is a phenomenal creature, one out of a thousand; suppose you consider her a moment before you begin the heart-rending business of trying to be like her. In the first place she had iron strength. She could keep going all day without getting very tired. But this is not the case with many women. Sometimes the head will swim from utter weariness, and the whole mechanism will cry out, "I can go no further." The round of housekeeping, when one tries to do it all, is as exacting as most men's labor. The more delicate structure of a woman's frame is not built to bear as much as man's, and she has to contend besides with the disadvantages of her dress, with its dragging weight and hampering of the muscles. If a man can keep going every minute all day that is no sign that a woman can, and no matter if the lord of the house cannot see just what you have been about, and tells you his mother used to do all her work, be sorry for his ignorance—you cannot help being hurt by his hardness of heart and lack of trust in you—but don't go beyond your strength if you do fail to convince him. When the time comes to write your epitaph he will have a half-dozen nice convenient terms for the work which killed you. He will never call it by its right name. If your bones and muscles will stand the continual strain without any relaxation your nerves will not; and some day you will have to take a nice, long rest of a year or two, without any capacity left to enjoy your vacation. Have as neat and cheery a house as you can, but don't attempt to go beyond your strength. You can't be Susan Green, and you ought not to be, if you can.—*Detroit Tribune.*

VULGARITY AND VULGARISMS.

How many a roof, transparent to the mind's eye, discloses anxious fathers and harried mothers, sacrificing everything to keep up appearances. The underclothing may be patched and insufficient, but it is covered by stylish gowns. Slipshod, ragged and unkempt at home, when abroad one would suppose them to live luxuriously. Scrimping on the necessaries of life, eating crusts, shivering over a handful of coals, piecing out whatever is needed by makeshifts, such as are destitute of refinement as of comfort. This course of action ought not to be confounded with that forethought and thrift which hoards remnants and looks decent and trim on what would be impossible for a wasteful person.

Another vulgarity in woman consists in wearing the most striking costume she can devise in public places. "Mamma, see those wonderful shining stones," exclaimed a child at a hotel breakfast, looking at a woman sitting opposite who wore thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds upon her faded person. "Hush, my dear," the mother replied, "she does not know any better."

The same answer should apply to all forms of vulgarity, "They do not know any better." It is true of the society belle who sends for the reporter on the eve of a ball in order to give a minute description of her costume. "Mind you say there is nothing so elegant in the ball room, Jenkins," she says. Oblivious of the sweet, maidenly retirement and self-communion which ought to precede marriage, she sends for Jenkins again on the eve of her wedding day to hold voluble and free discourse concerning elaborately displayed presents and gowns. And she is most triumphant who figures most conspicuously in that spectacular drama where the chief actors enter together upon the most sacred relation of life. Yet her friends and herself would be terribly shocked at the sight of a modest woman who should lift up her voice in favor of a change of the laws which would permit a mother to be the guardian of her infant child.

Another vulgarity arising from ignorance is personal mutilation. Under what other name can be classed that fashion of the ear-lobes pendent with barbaric gold and gems? Why not pierce the nose also, like the inhabitants of Barbadoes and Africa? The delicately moulded curves of a beautiful ear are certainly not enhanced by this savagery. Even that is not as bad as the compressed waist. If there be one thing more vulgar than another it is to suppose that the lovely curves that enclose the form, free and graceful as all nature's flowing outlines, can be improved by pinching, dwarfing and distorting. Who that has ever seen even a copy of that incarnation of splendor and grace, the Venus de Milo, but revolts at the mincing, tortured, unnatural waist line under which are compressed all the organs that give richness, strength and beauty to the human frame? Every particle of artistic sensibility reacts against the mutilation, and every instinct of strength, wholeness, completeness, cries out against the outrage. Those rivers of life that course through heart and lungs on their task of replenishing, and return through the veins loaded with waste and sewage, once checked in their career, are compelled to hold in solution the impurities that poison the fountains of life. Better far to pinch the feet like the Chinese and leave the vital organs free to do their wonderful work.

It seems as if the Prince of Ignorance was in league with the originators of fashion, and dress-makers, gleefully said among themselves, "Go to now, and see how much women will bear! Twist the hair from the nape of the neck, leaving that exposed to cold winds, and compress waists with stays, tight, tighter, tightest, till they measure eight inches less than in their normal condition. Don't let them draw a full breath, and keep them in that vise till they feel uncomfortable without the corset. Make the sleeves so tight that they cannot raise an arm to the head. For dress occasions cut down the bodice till the most tender parts of the lungs are exposed if you cannot persuade them to go *decollete*. Pile heavy skirts on hips and back, contrary to reason and experience, taper down the clothing so that it is less warm at the feet. Line the dress with heavy facings and cover it with draperies and ornaments till it weighs several pounds, and leave it long enough to draggle through mud and flop from stair to stair. Then let some woman of fashion don the costume and every working woman and housewife will be sure to follow. They lose health and freedom, joyousness and freshness; but they have style, and style is worth more than these. Long live ignorance and fashion!"—*Good Housekeeping.*

CONVENIENCES FOR THE NEW HOUSE.

At this season of the year, thousands of husbands and wives are making plans for the new house that is to be built in the spring. The majority of those plans provide for seven rooms; four on the first floor, and there will be many who, in order to get the number of rooms and all of good size, will plan to "manage somehow" without kitchen or bedroom closets, or a shed. A wardrobe may be made to do, where there is no closet; but at best it is only a make-shift.

In "mother's room," the closet should be at least three feet in width, and should extend the whole length of the room. Cut off about three feet from one end of it, for drawers and a cupboard, but don't have them opening into the closet, as so many do. A cupboard opening into a dark closet is not easily kept clean, and it is next to impossible to find anything in closet drawers. Have the lower four and one-half feet of your enclosed space devoted to four nicely fitting drawers, that you can pull out into your bedroom. One other deep drawer should be put in next to the ceiling, and fitted up with compartments as nearly fireproof as is possible. It will not be easily reached, but it is designed for family papers that are not referred to often, which it is desirable to keep, and equally desirable to be kept out of the reach of little fingers. In this way, they are comparatively safe, and occupy space that could not be used in any other way.

Between this upper drawer and the lower ones, have built a cupboard in which to keep home remedies to be used in case of sickness or accidents. Have a place for everything in it, and everything labelled carefully. When wanted, they are easily found; they are also out of reach of little fingers, and can be kept from the light, and out of sight. The convenience of such a closet-cabinet is worth every year five times what it will cost you to have it built.

In planning your house, take care that you do not have two doors between your dining-room and kitchen, or a step down from the former into the latter. Also be sure and build your kitchen with an alcove, which should be at least six feet square, and contain a window. In this alcove put a washstand, and glass, combs, brushes, etc. Near by hang a clothes brush; have a row of hooks for hats and coats; a wall-pocket for mittens; a long, narrow peach basket lined with oil cloth for damp rubbers, and a slipper case that is strong enough and not too fine to hold shoes when they are exchanged for slippers. Make a seat of a strong tea-box cushioned with pieces of an old comforter, and covered with furniture calico. It is handy in which to keep a change of socks, an extra pair of mittens, besides numberless other things, and to sit on when removing the working shoes and putting on the slippers. A curtain of calico will screen the alcove from the kitchen. You will be surprised to find how many steps will be saved, how many annoyances and harsh words avoided, by having an alcove to your kitchen, and it does not make your house so very much more expensive.

It is decided that the new house must have a woodshed. It will not be half a house unless it does have one; and when you are building it, you must not forget to take a closet off from it that can be easily reached from the kitchen door. This closet must have a window, if only a small one; for it is where you will tuck things away out of sight, and it must be kept sweet by means of fresh air and light. On one side of it, there will be two broad shelves reaching the whole length. One of these must be as high as a table, and the other one just high enough to be quite easily reached. Under this shelf you can —but why go into particulars? There isn't one woman in five hundred, who will not know exactly what to do with that closet, in less than five minutes after she takes possession of her new house!

Do you think so many closets will make your house too expensive? Then dispense with a dining room. You can do so much more easily than you can get along without the closets; and if you make a screen large enough to hide your stove and work table, there is no reason why your kitchen should not be kept neat and pleasant enough to serve as a dining room, too.—*Mrs. Jack Robinson, in Housekeeper.*

ALLEGHENY MUFFINS.—*For a dozen muffins* allow one cupful and a half of sifted flour, one generous cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of lard, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, and one egg. Mix all the dry ingredients and rub them through a sieve and into a bowl. Melt the butter and lard in a cup. After beating the egg till it is light, add the milk to it. Pour this mixture on the dry ingredients. Add the melted butter and lard, and after beating quickly and vigorously, put in buttered muffin pans and bake for a quarter of an hour in a quick oven.

RICE MUFFINS.—To make two dozen muffins one must take a pint of milk, a pint and a half of flour, half a pint of cooked rice, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, and two eggs. Mix the dry ingredients and rub them through a sieve and into a large bowl. Melt the butter and beat it into the rice. Beat the eggs till they are light, and add the milk to them. Put this mixture with the dry ingredients in the bowl. Now add the rice, and beat quickly and well. Pour into buttered muffin pans and bake for twenty-five minutes in a moderately quick oven.

PUZZLES.—NO. 2.

HIDDEN MOUNTAINS, ANCIENT CITIES AND RIVERS.

1. This offset, namely, this shoot of the orange tree, will grow nicely.
2. That hospital in N. Y. is now well conducted.
3. Have my friends come at last to see me.
4. Ulysses, husband of Penelope, King of Ithaca,
5. If John is naughty, papa, then send him away.
6. This book belongs to me, and Ernest will lend you another.
7. Is the Centaur usually represented half man and half beast?
8. My temper has been greatly tried to-day.
9. A general battle took place among the whites and Indians.
10. No power could balk and diverge the sun's rays.
11. We will do our best, I, Bertram and Oscar.
12. Among other things on this program, piano duets and songs were mentioned.
13. Can Gaspa analyze his lesson to-day?
14. A better omen could not have been expected.

MRS. S. A.

ENIGMA.

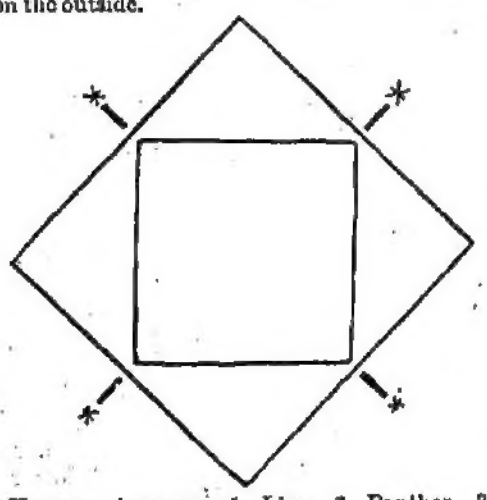
I am composed of 19 letters.
My 15, 17, 5, 13, acceptable in summer.
My 12, 11, 4, 12, 18, a girl's name.
My 9, 13, 8, 3, 12, a relative.
My 6, 7, 2, 17, 14, 10, 12, agreeable.
My 1, 17, 15, 16, to be cautious.
My 19, 12, 13, number.
My whole is a poet. T. RODGER.

SQUARE WORD.

To thrash.
An island in the Mediterranean Sea.
A man's name.
High. PERCY PRIOR.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 1.

THE SQUARE FIELD.—The farmer enlarged his field in this way: He added to the square as shown in the outer lines, so that the square form was still preserved, and the trees still remained on the outside.



HIDDEN ANIMALS.—1. Lion. 2. Panther. 3. Cat. 4. Mare. 5. Goat. 6. Ass. 7. Monkey. 8. Snake. 9. Boar. 10. Llama. 11. Otter. 12. Mandrill. 13. Camel. 14. Chamois. 15. Bison. 16. Zebra. 17. Badger.

PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

Correct answers have been received from Lizzie McNaughton.

BABY'S PIGS.

Ten little pigs that grow and thrive,
Rosy and plump and clean;
Two little pens, each holding five,
And the owner is Baby 'Gene.
They wriggle about, and root and dig,
And push again and again,
Till at last we find one dear little pig
Is out of the little red pen.

Baby 'Gene is a little old man,
Bald and serious, too,
He looks to the pigs whenever he can,
But he has a great deal to do.
And this little pig says he'll get some corn,
And the next one cries, "O where?
And the little one says, "In Granpa's ba'n!"
And the great one knows it's there.

Four pearly grains he can plainly see;
Have them he must and will;
He strains and struggles—but "quee—quee—quee"
He can't get over the sill!
So he's given it up, and off he goes,
(With Grandfather 'Gene before),
Snubbing and rubbing his little bare nose
On the way to the pantry door.

You queer little pig, you're ever so bold,
But it never, never will do!
The great wide world would be cruel and cold
To a little pink mite like you.
Mamma must bring her needle and yarn
And build up the fence again,
For the five little pigs would be quite forlorn
Outside of the little red pen.

—Eudora S. Bumstead, in Youth's Companion.

BABY'S PIGS.

DR. FAIRMAN.

As Dr. Fairman was crossing the network of tracks beyond the Central station, his attention was arrested by the tall, athletic figure of a young man engaged in unloading some freight-cars. He was two or three and twenty, perhaps, with heavy jaws, a suspiciously red face, and closely cropped yellow hair.

Dr. Fairman experienced a slight feeling of envy, as the young fellow hoisted the heavy boxes from the car to the dray with little apparent effort, every motion of his body betraying, to the experienced eye of the surgeon, its suppleness and vigor. He passed on with a half sigh, for his intense spirit had fashioned itself a refined and delicate body, never quite ready to respond to the intelligence within, and for a moment he coveted the perfect physical equipment of the young laborer.

His carriage waited for him in a side street, and he had just entered it when his name was shouted from the direction of the railway station, and a man came running toward him.

"Hello, doctor!" he cried. "Come back! There's a man crushed out here!"

He sprang from the carriage and hastily retraced his steps. Some instinct warned him that the victim was the young athlete. It was even so. The man had slipped and fallen backward from the car, a heavy box had crushed him, and he lay bleeding profusely and unconscious.

Under Dr. Fairman's supervision, he was removed to his cottage home, where for weeks he hovered between life and death, cared for assiduously by the most distinguished surgeon in the city. Day after day, and often in the night, the doctor's carriage stood at the humble door, while he battled with death for the life within.

After weeks of agony and months of weakness, Sam Barker crept slowly back to health and strength. Before the accident he had been a dissipated rowdy, earning fair wages, but always out of funds before pay-day. There was not much of him but brawn and bone, and a kind of dogged honesty which gained for him the reputation of being "square" among his boon companions.

Goodness is contagious, and Dr. Fairman was filled with moral sanative power. While he healed the wounds of the body, he probed the soul of this man, if haply he might touch some responsive chord.

His intuitions were so keen that he was rarely at fault even with complex natures; with subtle delicacy, as fine as the touch of his hand was light, he struck the one sound fibre in Sam's nature so gently, so truly, that the work of moral restoration was done before the patient was aware of a beginning. Sam shall tell how Dr. Fairman made a man of him.

"The first thing I sensed after the accident was Dr. Fairman, and I just caught his face for a minute. You didn't know him? There never was a face like his, so gentle and still, like a deep lake. Dark blue eyes that looked through you; didn't stab, you know—just saw. He never talked much, but somehow only to see him was company. No use to try to tell what he did for me, over and above what he was bound to do as a doctor. 'Twas just everything!

"When I begun to mend, I worried about the expense, and I asked him how long I should have to lay by.

"'A year, Sam,' he said.

"'But I can't' I said. 'I haven't cost father a cent before, since I was fifteen. Do try and hurry me up, doctor!'

"You see I thought he could do anything he wanted to. He give me one of his long, keen looks, and said, 'Had you no money when you were injured?'

"'Not a cent,' says I.

"'A big, strong fellow like you must have earned good wages. What did you do with your money?'

"'Spent it,' I says, 'like other fellows.'

"'Had you any debts?'

"'No sir,' I said, squarely. 'I don't spend money till I earn it.'

"He sat quite still a while, thinking. Then he said, 'Sam, you must make up your mind to be idle a year, if you are to be of any use in the world afterward. As an honest man, you should have saved something for this disaster. But never mind now; our present business is to let nature make a sound man of you again.'

"The year was fully up before I earned a cent. Then I got a place as switchman, and went round to Dr. Fairman's office for his bill.

"How well I remember that office! Two large rooms in the old Cass mansion; nice chairs and sofas and carpets; books, books, cases full all along the walls, and pictures and busts. But that pale man was worth all the rest.

"'Sit down, Sam,' he said, 'and tell me about yourself.'

"So I told about my place and the wages and asked for his bill.

"'I shall charge you three hundred dollars, Sam. Of course you cannot pay at once, but you can spare ten dollars a month, can't you?'

"'Easy,' says I. "But it will be over two years before you get your pay at that rate. I'll better it and pay twice ten.'

"He thought a minute and shook his head. 'No, ten is enough. Bring it to me on the first day of the month at this hour. I want to keep an eye on you for a while to see that you don't overwork.'

"He shook hands with me as he did every month for two years and a half. Rain or shine I never missed the hour. He would make me sit down and tell how I got along and what I was doing out of work-hours, although he was such a great doctor that every minute was worth a mint of money. He looked so pleased when I told him I was learning book-keeping, that I took to reading evenings, more to have it to tell him than because I cared about it. It was a great thing to see him smile; he didn't very often, and I never heard him laugh.

"When I begun work, I wanted to drink awfully,—I felt so weak and shiftless,—but I was afraid I should get drunk and spend my money and cheat the doctor. If I could have paid in a lump and been free, I should have gone to the bow-wows. Hundreds of times I wanted to go off with the boys and have a lark; but I dursent, and I got in the way of skipping most things that's bad. I'd just say to myself; 'It's all right, doctor,' and I could shunt any kind of deviltry.

"Well, the last month came and I went to the office clean down-hearted. It just broke my heart to cut loose from the doctor. I really thought the ground must be glad because his shadow fell on it.

"'Here's the last of my debt,' I said, as I gave him the money. 'But the best luck that ever happened to me was getting smashed up.'

"'Why so?' he asked, as he took the bill in his thin, white fingers.

"'I was a drunken fool before and now I'm a sober man. It wasn't the accident, either. It's you, Dr. Fairman. I can't do the things I used to. I see why you only took ten dollars a month. You wanted to make sure of me long enough to save me. Nobody but you would have thought of that way, or taken the trouble, either,' and I ain't ashamed to say I got out my handkerchief right then and there.

"There came a light to his eyes and on his face a kind of sunshine good to see. He opened a drawer of his desk and took out a roll of bills to which he added the ten I had just given him, and thrust the money in my hand.

"'There, Sam,' he said, 'is the three hundred dollars. Deposit it in the savings bank and add ten to it every month. You have proved that you are a man. Good-night.'

"He gently hustled me out, and before I had fairly taken it in I was on the street.

"I put the money in the bank because he told me to and I add ten to it every month to honor his memory, for I saw him for the last time that night. He died suddenly at Easter and the whole city mourned for him, for there isn't a street where you can't hear just such stories of his wise and wonderful goodness.—*Lucy L. Stout.*"

MARGARET.

New Orleans, with its orange-trees fragrant with white blossoms and golden fruit, with its verandaed homes overgrown with roses, with its house-lawns bordered with sweet blue violets, is a city long to be remembered by a stranger.

I was glad to see all this; I was glad to touch the warm Southern hand with its genuine hospitality; but I was especially glad to see—remembering what it represented to New Orleans—the marble statue of "Margaret." It stands in a large open square, and is the first, I believe, erected to a woman in this country. "Margaret" is represented sitting in a rustic chair, dressed in her usual costume—a plain skirt and loose sack, with a simple shawl thrown over her shoulders; her arm encircles a pretty orphan child.

The face of the woman is very plain but very kindly. There is no indication that "Margaret" was a woman of great power or of great fame; the statue is simply the thank-offering of a whole city for a beautiful, unselfish life lived in its midst.

Who was this "Margaret" so honored above others?

More than a half-century ago, there came to Baltimore, among the Irish emigrants, a young man and his wife, William and Margaret Gaffney, to seek their fortunes in the New World. They were poor, of course, but they loved each other, and were happy to struggle together. By-and-by a little daughter came into their home, whom they naturally called Margaret, after the mother.

They were not long to enjoy the little daughter or she to know their love, for both parents died of yellow fever, leaving the helpless child to the tender mercies of the world at large. Fortunately, some friendly people, Mrs. Richards and her husband, had crossed from Wales on the same steamer as the Gaffneys, and though Mr. Richards had just died also of yellow fever, the stricken wife took the wee child into her own home.

The girl Margaret grew to womanhood in this shelter; and in due time was married to young Charles Haughery. They commenced life together, as did her parents, with empty purses and full hearts. But shadows soon began to steal over the little home. The husband's health failed. Advised by his physician that sea-air might prove beneficial, he said good-bye to his young wife and baby-child, and sailed for Ireland. The good-by proved to be the final farewell, for he died soon after reaching his destination.

Though this loss was hard for the wife to bear, a second loss followed, the hardest a woman can ever know—the loss of her only child.

Did she sink in despair? No. As ground is made mellow by harrowing, so ofttimes are hearts made fruitful.

What should she do for self-support, and to fill her lonely life? She who was an orphan herself, a widow and childless, wished that she might work for orphans, and to this end she entered the domestic service of the Poydras Orphan Asylum for Girls. Here she toiled early and late, sometimes doing housework, and sometimes going out to collect food and money. How she was dressed, or whether she had ordinary comforts, seemed to her of no moment. Her life was centred in the asylum.

One day when she appealed to a large grocery establishment for aid for the orphans, one of the firm laughingly said, "We'll give you all you can pile on a wheelbarrow, if you will wheel it to the asylum yourself."

Margaret promptly agreed to this, and in a short time returned with her wheelbarrow, filled it to its utmost capacity, and trundled it home along the sidewalk, saying she would cheerfully wheel a barrow-load every day for the orphans if it were given to her.

Sister Regis, the Superior of the Sisters of Charity, much beloved for her self-sacrificing life, in time became Margaret's warmest friend and adviser. When it was necessary to erect a new Orphan Asylum, a large and commodious one was built on Camp street (in front of which Margaret's monument now stands), and in ten years Margaret and Sister Regis, working together, had freed it from debt. For seventeen years Margaret had lived in the asylum, managing the large dairy, and doing any and every kind of work that would aid fatherless and motherless children.

In 1852, she decided to open an independent dairy in the upper part of the city; in this enterprise she soon demonstrated her financial ability. Everybody knew Margaret's milk-waggon, and her kind plain face as she went from customer to customer.

Then she added the old D'Aquin bakery to her business.

She opened her bakery in 1860. Says George W. Cable, who knew her: "But long before that, as well as long and ever after it, any man might say to you as a strange woman passed in a dingy milk-cart—or bread-cart in later years—sitting alone, and driving the slow, well-fed horse, 'There goes Margaret.' 'Margaret who?'

THE MARGARET STATUE AT NEW ORLEANS.

'Margaret, the Orphan's Friend.' I suppose we should have forgotten her married name entirely, had not the invoices of her large establishment kept it before us. 'Go to Margaret's' was the word when a counter order called for anything that could be bought of her; but the invoice would read:

New Orleans, March, 15, 1875.

MESSRS. BLACK, WHITE & Co.

To Margaret's Bakery (Margaret Haughery) *Dr.*

2 Bbls. Soda Crackers, etc.	

"And what had she done, what was she doing, to make her so famous? Nothing but give, give, give, give to the orphan boy and the orphan girl, Catholic, Protestant, Hebrew, anything. Yes, one thing more; she gave and she loved. But that was all. Never a bid for attention. Never a high seat in any assembly. Never a place among the proud or the gay. No pomp, no luxury, no effort to smarten up intellectually and take a tardy place in the aristocracy of brains. Nothing for herself. Riches and fame might spoil Solomon; they did not spoil Margaret.

"Of education she had almost nothing; of beauty as little—to the outward eye; accomplishments, none; exterior graces, none; aggressive ambition, the disposition to scheme or strive for station or preference, none; sparkling gayety, exuberant mirth, none more than you or I; money, some, a little, a trifle; financial sagacity, a fair share, but nothing extraordinary; frugality, yes, frugality—as to herself. What else? religion? Yes, yes! pure, sweet, gentle, upbubbling, overflowing, plentiful, genuine, deep, and high; a faith proving itself incessantly in works, and a modesty and unconsciousness that made her beneficence as silent as a stream underground.

"The whole town honored her. The presidents of banks and insurance companies, of the Chamber of Commerce, the Produce Exchange, the Cotton Exchange, none of them commanded the humble regard, the quick deference, from one merchant or a dozen, that was given to Margaret.

During the war, the Fourth Louisiana Regiment was captured at Shiloh and brought to New Orleans. The news of their arrival sped through the city, exciting the sympathies of thousands of women, who immediately sent presents of clothing, food and nicetics. Margaret, true to her instincts and principles, though having no son or relative in the war, loaded a waggon with bread and crackers, and accompanied by two negro men, appeared before the gateway of the prison, her two men bearing immense baskets filled with bread, on their heads.

The sentry on seeing her approach, slightly depressed his musket and commanded, "Halt!"

Margaret replied, "What for?"

Thrice the challenge was repeated and questioning answer given. Then she, with remarkable quickness for a woman weighing one hundred and eighty pounds, jumped to one side the musket, seized the boy in blue by both shoulders, and lifting him away, marched in, followed by her attendants. The surprised soldier, overcome with astonishment, could but join in the shout of his comrade sentinels, who had witnessed the scene.

During the Fourteenth of September fight a young man, a Protestant, lost his leg; Margaret tried to obtain for him a situation at a toll-gate, but failing in this, gave him one hundred and fifty dollars to buy a leg; then set him up in business as a newspaper-seller, and supplied his family with bread during her life.

In the inundations to which New Orleans is subject from the overflow of the Mississippi River, Margaret could be seen daily in a large boat, standing in the midst of great piles of bread, a colored man paddling her through the river-streets, as she dispensed her loaves to the half-starved families.

The three largest homes for children in New Orleans are almost entirely the work of Margaret, as well as the home for the Aged and Infirm.

For forty-six years Margaret had carried on these labors of love in New Orleans, making her money with great industry and sagacity, to spend it for the poor and afflicted. But the time drew near for her to leave her work to other hands. Sickness came. The women of wealth and fashion made the sick bed as easy to lie upon as possible. To a lady who said, "I am sorry to see you ill," Margaret answered, "Oh! no, the Lord sometimes has to lay his finger on me to let me know I am mortal and don't belong to myself—but to him."

On February 9, 1882, the end came of this noble life. And then thousands, the poor and the rich, the City Government and New Orleans' merchants and bankers, gathered at the funeral to do Margaret honor. The services were conducted by the Archbishop of the Diocese. Then followed in carriages, after the pall-bearers as the beloved Margaret was borne to the grave, the children of eleven orphan asylums, white and black, Protestant and Catholic. Many of the fire companies of the city were present, especially "Mississippi Number Two," of which she was an honorary member. Great crowds lined the streets, and all men took off their hats reverently, as the procession moved by.

The following Sabbath, sermons upon Margaret's character and life were preached from many pulpits; upon the woman so poor and plain that she never wore a silk dress or a kid glove; so rich that she gave in charities six hundred thousand dollars, the fruit of her own labors.

"St. Margaret," as she is often called, lived her life in grand heights and breadths. She brought every man and woman who knew her up on higher levels, too, for a moment's glimpse at least.

Her monument, built by the city she blessed, stands now, in place of her, a constant reminder that one's own children are not the only children in the world; that one's home is not the only home into which we are commanded to carry sunshine and love; that though one be poor, there is work for others to do; that though one be ignorant, one may yet carry heaven's own light far and near.—*From Sarah K. Bolton, in Wide Awake.*

THE POWER OF MEMORY.

BY PROF. F. MAX-MULLER.

(Author of "Chips from a German Workshop.")

While my eyes were rapidly and almost unconsciously running over the pages of the *Youth's Companion*, my attention was suddenly arrested by some lines which seemed familiar to me.

Surely I know these lines, I said to myself. I had for a time the same puzzled feeling which in a crowded street makes us stare at a face that reminds us of some half-forgotten, half-remembered picture in the old photograph-book of our memory. At last I recovered from my wonderment.

These lines were my own. I had written them long ago, and I was glad to meet them again. It is really one of the great delights of authorship to find what one has thought and published years ago, not exactly quoted and stuck up between inverted commas, but kneaded, as it were, into the daily bread of literature, and accepted without further questioning.

The article to which I refer bore the same title which I have selected for my own, though its object was totally different. Possibly the writer of it may never have seen any of my books, but for all that, I feel perfectly certain that by some of the many subterraneous and submarine telegraphic wires which now traverse every province of our intellectual commonwealth, the very words which I had made use of must have reached him, and impressed themselves firmly on his memory.

Let no one suppose that I complain of this. On the contrary, I rejoice in it. It would be dreadful if we had to remember the first entry of all knowledge that comes from abroad, or the spontaneous generation of every one of our own thoughts. Every one of us has his memory crowded with words and ideas which have no longer any passports. They are our own as much as anything in this life is our own, and we may treat them as our own with perfect honesty.

The object of the writer of the article to which I refer was to prove that we need not distrust the accuracy of ancient books, although we know now that, before the invention of writing and the manufacture of writing materials, they had to be handed down for centuries by memory or oral tradition only.

The writer calls memory a rude instrument in comparison with writing and the printing-press. I doubt whether it should be called a rude instrument, and I know that in many cases the tablets of the memory have been far more trustworthy guardians of the past, even in matters of literal accuracy, than sheepskin, papyrus, or linen-paper.

We have no longer any idea of what we could make of our memory, if we chose. We not only neglect to cultivate its innate strength, but we do everything to ruin it. In ancient times memory was what libraries are now, the treasure-house of human knowledge. It is so even at the present day among tribes unacquainted with the art of writing. But when the art of writing had once been discovered the art of memory became extinct, and its achievements were so completely forgotten that in cases where tradition tells us of the great feats of memory performed by our distant ancestors, we feel inclined to assign them to the realm of fable.

The Greeks knew that the *Titaneos Mnemosyne* (Memory) was the mother of all the Muses, that is, of all branches of knowledge, and they never thought of their blind Homer as a writer. Yet when Plato wrote his fierce attack on the art of writing, we can clearly perceive from the tone of his invective that those whom he addressed had long forgotten that wonderful age in which Mnemosyne and her daughters ruled supreme. Though it is a well-known passage in the Phædros, some of your younger readers may like to hear it.

"This invention of yours," says one of the characters, referring to the art of writing, "will create forgetfulness in the learners' souls, because they will not use their memories; they will trust to the external written characters, and not remember of themselves. You have found a specific, not for memory, but for reminiscence, and you give your disciples only the pretence of wisdom; they will be hearers of many things, and will have learned nothing; they will appear to be omniscient, and will generally know nothing; they will be tiresome company, having the show of wisdom without the reality."

In the teaching of children more particularly, the good old system of learning by heart may still have survived at the time of Plato. Though we are told that in the time of Alcibiades every schoolmaster had his Iliad, we also know from Xenophon that clever boys at school had to learn the whole of the Iliad and Odyssey by heart. There were besides the Rhapsodes, who travelled from town to town, repeating the Homeric poems by heart; though, as Xenophon tells us, they were so stupid a race that they hardly understood the meaning of what they repeated in public every day.

I well remember being told all this at school, when we grumbled about the large number of lines which we had to learn and to repeat. I also well remember, when reading for the first time my father's book, "Die Homerische Vorschule," in which he explained and defended the Wolfian theory, that I was very incredulous as to the ability of any human being to compose so long and perfect a poem without paper, pen and ink, or to repeat the whole of it by heart.

It is true that when we came to read Cæsar, the same story met us again, of the Druids knowing the whole of their literature by heart. But we did not know then how trustworthy a writer Cæsar really was, and there was always the chance of his being deceived by those wily old priests, the Druids.

VEDIC STUDENTS.

It was not till I came to prepare the materials for my edition of the Rig-Veda, the most ancient book of the Brâhmans in India, in fact, of the whole Aryan race, that my eyes were opened as to the real powers of memory, as a most perfect and trustworthy vehicle of ancient literature.

I was struck, first of all, by the wonderful correctness of all Vedic manuscripts. While the manuscripts of Greek and Roman classics, and more particularly of the New Testament in Greek, literally swarm with various readings, the manuscript of the Rig-Veda, the sacred hymns of the Brâhmans, were almost without any various readings in the true sense of the word. They may contain a clerical error here and there, but these clerical errors had never become traditional; they were never copied from one manuscript into another; or, if they were, they had some kind of birthright, and belonged to an ancient Vedic family, the members of which had their peculiar text from the very beginning.

I then asked my friends among the native scholars in India, and they told me what I ought to have known from their ancient literature, that they themselves ascribed little or no value to their manuscripts, and that to the present day the only proper way to learn the Veda was to learn it by heart, from the mouth of a teacher who had himself learnt it by heart from his teacher, and so on *ad infinitum*. Manuscripts might be used now and then, but if there should ever be a real doubt about the right wording of a passage, it would be settled in India not by a collation of manuscripts, but by an appeal to a living manuscript; that is, to a Srotriya Brâhman, who had been taught in the proper way.

The Rig-Veda consists of one thousand and seventeen or one thousand and twenty-eight hymns, each on an average of ten verses. I have not counted the number of words, though I have made a complete index of them; but if we may trust native scholars, the number of words in the Rig-Veda amounts to one hundred and fifty-three thousand eight hundred and twenty-six.

The editor of the "Indian Antiquary" assures us that there are still thousands of Brâhmans who know the whole of the Rig-Veda by heart. I have myself had visits from native scholars who could repeat large portions of it, and I have been in correspondence with others who assured me that they could do the same when they were only twelve or fifteen years old.

A native scholar, who is a professor at the Government college in Poona, R. G. Bhandarkar, M. A., when writing in the "Indian Antiquary," 1874, of the same class of students of the Veda, says, "Learning the Vedas by heart, and repeating them in a manner never to make a single mistake, even in the accents, is the occupation of their life."

There are several different arrangements of the text, and the ablest students know them all, the object of these different arrangements being simply the most accurate preservation of the sacred text. Nor is the recital merely mechanical, the attention being constantly required for the phonetic changes of final and initial letters, and for the constant modification of the accents, the different accents being shown by modulations of the voice.

Several other books are learned by heart after the Rig-Veda.

We can hardly form an idea of a life devoted entirely to this kind of study, and to some extent the remark which Xenophon made with regard to the Rhapsodes of Greece, may apply to these Indian scholars who carry so immense a mass of literature in their memory. Their number is no doubt decreasing, and with the gradual introduction of European learning through government schools and government colleges and universities, their occupation will naturally come to an end.

Still it is well that we should know what is going on, not very far from us, in this nineteenth century of ours; it is well that we should know it as a fact which admits of no doubt, or which anybody who doubts it can verify by a trip to Bombay or Benares, for it will help us to understand many things in the history of ancient nations which otherwise would seem unintelligible or incredible.

And as the eye is a better teacher than the ear I give an illustration made from a photograph which will admit my readers into the presence of some of those Vedic students whose achievements I have been describing.

It must not be supposed that this learning by heart is restricted to Vedic literature. Brâhmans who devote themselves to the study of law learn the law-books by heart, and even commentaries upon these law-books, nay, commentaries on commentaries. A grammarian learns the great grammar of Panini or other grammatical treatises, a philosopher the rules of the various systems of philosophy, a student of general literature the masterpieces of Kâlidâsa and others.

It is quite the exception for sisters to be admitted to the lessons of their brothers. But I have lately received several visits from a highly cultivated Indian lady, about whom I may, perhaps, have something to write on another occasion, and who knows by heart a whole Sanskrit dictionary, the Amâra-Kosha, the Bhâgavata-purâna, and the Bhagavad-gîtâ.

Far be it from me to recommend this exaggerated learning by heart for imitation in our schools. But I cannot help regretting that learning by heart should have almost gone out of fashion with our children. Old men like myself know how precious a treasure for life are the few poems, aye, even the few lines are, which remain indelibly engraved on our memory from our earliest school-days. Whatever else we forget and lose, they remain, and they remind us by their very sound of happy days, of happy faces, of happy hearts.—*Youth's Companion.*

BEAMS TO BE PLUCKED OUT.

Scene: a street car in a large American city. Time: noon.

Two young women enter, each carrying a huge bundle of the coarsest kind of men's jackets. They are on their way with them to a slop-shop, where they will be paid a few cents for the making of each. The women are thin and haggard from loss of sleep and insufficient food, their fingers blue with cold, and their hungry, eager faces tell how hard has been the fight they have waged against starvation; but around their necks hang pinchbeck chains; rhinestones dangle in their ears, and their gowns are sleazy silks, bought second-hand from an old clothes' dealer.

Two shop-girls, out for their luncheon, scan the tawdry creatures with contempt.

"*Did you ever see anything so absurd?*" one of them says, when the women, dragging their heavy burdens, leave the car. "Silk dresses, when they earn fifty cents a day!"

A few minutes later the shop-girls are standing behind the counter, ready to wait on customers. They are dressed in showy gowns, made in the extreme of the fashion. One wears a brooch of diamonds—or paste; the fingers of the other sparkle with rings, real or imitation, sapphires, rubies and emeralds.

The daughters of one of the most influential men in the city are seated on the other side of the counter, turning over the goods. They glance at each other with a smile of amusement as they go out of the shop.

"Why does not some one tell those poor creatures how to dress appropriately?" the younger girl says. "Everybody knows that no woman who has to work for wages of six dollars a week can afford to wear silk and sapphires."

The gown of this critic of the shop-girls' attire is extremely plain and quiet. She has too much taste and knowledge of fitness to wear a showy dress on the street; but the tailor-made gown is costly, nevertheless. Its wearer has her own coupe and her French maid; her dresses are made in Paris; she paid for the bull pup which is waiting in the carriage a sum which would support for weeks in something like comfort any one of these working people around her.

Yet her father in not a millionnaire, but a professional man, dependent on his yearly earnings. If he were to die to-morrow, his daughter would have no means to support one of the luxurious tastes which she indulges now without stint.

This is a true description of an actual scene which occurred during the past winter.

We hear from the pulpit and the press that there is a growing want of honesty, of purity and of truthfulness in our social and domestic life. Can our readers find in this incident any clue to the cause?—*Youth's Companion.*

IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT ARMADA.

(By Crona Temple in Sunday at Home.)

NEWS OF VICTORY.

CHAPTER V.—*(Continued.)*

Was it worse to meet and grapple with actual pain, she wondered, than to stand safe and helpless while her dearest and best might be dying or dead? Could the old times of torture and of martyrdom be harder to bear than her own bootless wretchedness?

She thought only of herself, and of Robert, whose love was part of herself. The molehills of her misery hid from her eyes the mountains on the horizon of wider interests and nobler aims. But she was so young, this little Doris; and as yet she had only gathered life's flowers, and basked in its sunshine; and flowers and sunshine, beautiful as they are, do not fulfil all of the needs of the inner or the outer life. The time was coming when she would get some faint idea, some dim understanding of the events which work out the far-reaching plans of God.

Of which Divine planning all human knowledge must needs be faint and dim.

This morning, as she searched restlessly over the prospect for sign or sound of the news for which she had spent so many days in watching, she was aware of some unusual stir in the little town. She could see the people gathered like bees on the quay, though, as far as she could tell, no vessel had newly entered the port. How she wished for Earle just then! The boy's long legs would have made short work of the distance; but Earle himself was helping to make up the substance of the "story," whatever it was, that had drifted down to Exmouth from the scene of the great doings against the Spanish invaders. If Doris wished to get tidings from the town she must go thither on her own two feet.

She paused, and hesitated for a minute or two, turning her slender neck, peering and listening like a bird about to take flight. It was not her habit to go down amongst the rude frequenters of the quays, being a creature with much weight of household duty on her youthful shoulders, and having, besides, a sick father to tend and cheer. Furthermore, it was not reckoned seemly in those days for a decorous maiden in the position of Master Clatworthy's daughter to go unattended into the thronged places where gossips congregated and revellers might be making riot.

She never bethought her of her father, who would soon be watching for her coming, nor of his anxiety if her usual hour for reading passed without her appearance. For a minute or two she lingered to make sure her eyes did not deceive her, to be certain that there really was something unusual stirring in the town.

And then down the field-path she sped, through the acres of the rye where the poppies' glowing blots of crimson showed gorgeous against the silvery green: across the strip of common where the cotters' cows looked up astonished at the flying vision, and started back, half indignant, from out of her headlong way. Cows are contemplative and mild by nature, and choose to chew their quiet cud unstirred by hurrying steps of thoughtless girls: it is very little indeed to them what any Armada might do! Just where the street came stretching into the common, with small houses scattering themselves as if humbly and with apologies, in broken dots and lines amidst the green ways, Doris ran right into a group of children who were threading daisies, or moulding the dust-cakes dear to childhood of all countries and centuries. She was rushing too fast to stop herself, and more than one unlucky bairn was rolled amongst the daisies and the dust.

Contrition somewhat sobered her. She stopped to wipe away the tears she had caused, although she was too breathless to have many words of comfort to bestow. But she went onward at a moderate speed, and entered the market-place as composedly as might be.

Her heart was beating as though it would knock a hole in her side, yet it gave a bound that almost suffocated her as she caught the words "great losses," "ships taken and blown into the air"—"Ark-Raleigh," and our own brave men. Which side had lost? Which ships were taken? What had befallen the "Ark-Raleigh" and her crew?

A mist came over her eyes, and a dulness on her ears. She stood quite still. A sorry gleaner of news, in truth, since she could not so much as gasp forth a question!

Then, suddenly, the clash of bells filled the air: bells swinging and pealing as if the ringers were mad with the joy they caused these iron tongues to fling wide upon the world.

How they rang, those bells! and already over half England like music was echoing. Every hour the sound swelled and spread. Just as the beacon-fires flashing from hill to hill had roused the land to the sense of its danger, so the bells proclaimed England's deliverance — towers and steeples catching the sound in their turn and passing it on over town and shire—the joyful sound of victory.

And now Doris was aware of other meanings in men's words.

It was "Victory," and "brave Sir Francis Drake," and again "Victory." While those there were who reverently doffed their caps, and gave "Glory to God, who had not delivered them over for a prey to the teeth of the foemen."

And the girl drew her hand across her eyes, wondering how she could have failed to see at the very first the glad expression on all faces! Men were handshaking with each other, and laughing into one another's eyes—startled for once, by very joy, out of the sober ways of English reticence.

Back up the field-road ran Doris, her young feet winged now with glad tidings. And even as she ran her ears were filled with the sound of the bells, the broken, irregular chiming, as they thrilled and jangled, and caught themselves into time and tune again, only to fall out once more into most uneven and joyous clangors.

It was not only for victory they rang, not only because the proud had fallen, and the strong had been discomfited; but it was in thanksgiving for freedom, and for more than freedom—for their honor, and their fatherland, and their faith!

CHAPTER VI.

"That hideous tempest which so thundered and threatened out of Spain"—to use the term of the old writer before quoted—did not die down into harmless quiet all at once.

The terror of the Spanish fleet lasted intensely all the time that the Duke of Medina kept on his way, for who could tell that he would not make good his plan of joining the Duke of Parma off Netherlands, and yet succeed in throwing the united armies upon the English coast?

Queen Elizabeth had given her fleet into the hands of her captains tried and true, but she reserved the control of her army for herself.

The nominal commandant was Robert, Earl of Leicester; a man who, while clever enough at marshalling tournaments and pageants, had not come off with much glory from his solitary experience in real soldiering. The queen, though she was foolishly fond of this bad, untrustworthy man, had no idea of trusting the honor of England in his hands at this crisis. She knew that her handful of troops, undisciplined, and hastily raised as they mostly were, could ill stand the onslaught of so formidable a foe. But she knew that every man of them was aware of the issues at stake; she knew they would fight "as long as they could see or stand."

She rode down the ranks one morning—the very morning that Drake's guns were pounding away at the Armada then rounding Beechy Head—and many historians have loved to tell how her army welcomed their stout-hearted liege-lady.

She forbade her retinue to follow her, and with only Leicester bearing the sword of state at her side, and a page boy following her with her plumed helmet, she rode along the lines amidst the rapturous applause of the soldiery.

She was fifty-five years old, and had ruled England for thirty years. Age had faded her youthful beauty, and cares had furrowed her brow, but her piercing eye was as full of fire as ever it had been, her tall figure as erect and queenly. She looked, every inch, what the daughter of the long line of England's kings should be, and as royal as any Plantagenet of them all!

The words she spoke that day have been conned over and over by every boy and girl who has read their history; but they are noble words, and will bear a good deal of re-reading.

"My loving people," said she, "we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery. Let tyrants fear! I place, under God, my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts of my subjects. And therefore am I come among you at this time, not for my recreation or disport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or to die amongst you all—to lay down, for God and my kingdoms, my honor and my blood in the dust. I know that I have the body of a weak, feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king—and of a king of England, too! And I think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe should dare invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonor should grow by me, I myself will take up arms! I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder. Not doubting but by your obedience to my generals, your concord in the camp, and your valor in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over these enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my people."

Was it any wonder that the shouts that rent the air were long and loud? Was it any marvel that, one and all, those men resolved to die for such a cause, for such a queen?

But it was not the queen and the army that won the victory. That was left for Effingham, Drake, and their seamen; for the crews of the ships that fought on, day after day, untiringly, from the Start to Calais-roads.

There were many gallant deeds done in that stretch of blue water. On the twenty-fifth, off the Needles, the "Santa Anna," a galleon from Portugal, had her main-mast shot away, and fell behind her consorts. Three small English ships surrounded her, and cannonaded her with tremendous effect until a detachment of the enemy turned to the rescue, and the admiral in the "Ark-Raleigh" came to the help of his ships. Then the wind fell.

So great was the calm that there lay the big Spaniard, motionless on the water, and there lay the English, just out of gun-range, as helpless, seemingly, as their foes; while, still feeling the breeze, the Armada and its pursuers went sailing, hull down, towards the horizon.

(To be Continued.)

THE CHILD AND THE YEAR.

Said the child to the youthful year:
"What hast thou in store for me,
O giver of beautiful gifts, what cheer,
What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

"My seasons four shall bring
Their treasures: the winter's snows,
The autumn's store, and the flowers of spring,
And the summer's perfect rose.

"All these and more shall be thine,
Dear Child,—but the last and best
Thyself must earn by a strife divine,
If thou wouldst be truly blest.

"Wouldst know this last, best gift?
'T is a conscience clear and bright,
A peace of mind which the soul can lift
To an infinite delight.

"Truth, patience, courage, and love
If thou unto me canst bring,
I will set thee all earth's ills above,
O Child, and crown thee a King!"

—*Celia Thaxter.*

ELIZABETH AT TILBURY.

BETTER THINGS.

Better to smell the violet cool than sip the glowing wine;
Better to hark a hidden brook than watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of a gentle heart than beauty's favor proud;
Better the rose's living seed than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness than to bask in love all day
Better the fountain in the heart than the fountain by the way.

Better be fed by mother's hand than eat alone at will;
Better to trust in God than say, "My goods my storehouse fill."

Better to be a little wise than in knowledge to abound;
Better to teach a child than toil to fill perfection's round.

Better to sit at the master's feet than thrill a listening State;
Better suspect that thou art proud than be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk the real unseen than watch the hour's event;
Better the "Well done!" at the last, than the air with shouting rent.

Better to have a quiet grief than a hurrying delight;
Better the twilight of the dawn than the noonday burning bright.

Better a death when work is done than earth's most favored birth:
Better a child in God's great house than the king of all the earth.

—*George Macdonald.*

A BAD EXAMPLE.

Rev. John Wilson, of Woolwich, told the young men at the Pastors' College the other day that he knew of a young minister who was first led to drink by one of his deacons, and who when the habit grew upon him was expelled from the same church by the aid of that same deacon. He afterwards appeared at the door of the college he had left with high hopes,—in rags and ruined.

PLEASING ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The following extracts are only a few of the many congratulatory letters received.

A. W. Leeman, Salisbury, N. B., writes as follows about the Biblical Geography:—"I think it just suited to all Bible students and indispensable to Sabbath school superintendents and teachers who have an interest in their work for imparting information on Bible lands. In my Sunday school work I would not be without it if it cost twice the money."

George Norwood writes as follows:—"The picture "Christ before Pilate" received this afternoon and is very much approved of."

Another successful competitor says:—"I received the book all right and am well pleased with it; it is well worth the trouble."

Little Harmon Cole says of his prize Animal Slips:—"I have my prize; it is lots of fun; I have got the measles. When we get done, Georgie is going to get names; he is bigger. I am seven."

Willard Caver, Carleton Place, writes as follows:—"I got the Animal Slips on New Year's day and I think they are very nice. I showed them to some of my friends and they thought they were just splendid."

Those desiring to work for a premium will be supplied, on application by post-card, with samples and premium list.

MISSIONARY MESSENGERS.

More and more of our missionary *Messengers* are making their way towards the rising sun. In response to our offer of a few weeks ago, many letters have come in containing sums of money ranging all the way from 80 cents to $10.00, all of which the writers wish to be spent in sending copies of the *Northern Messenger* to missionaries in foreign countries. The following are extracts from a few of the letters:—

"Enclosed you will find $2.28 for which please send six copies of the *Messenger* for one year to one of the many missionaries in Japan. Please send the papers to one not already supplied with your publications and oblige, A FRIEND OF MISSIONS.

Six copies have been sent to Miss F. White, Kyoto, Japan.

"I see by your valuable paper if one choose to give to the missionaries and will forward the money to you you will send papers to them. I will enclose $10 and you may use it as you think best, as you know where they will be needed. Please do not publish my name."

This money has been appropriated as follows. Ten copies have been sent to the Rev. J. W. Saunby, Kofu, Yamanaski, Ken, Japan; nine to Rev. F. A. Cassidy, Shignoka, Suruga; and nine to Rev. C. T. Cocking, Shignoka, Suruga.

Our first subscription received for China is from a gentleman who sends $1 for *Northern Messengers* to be sent to the Rev. G. L. MacKay, Tamsui, Formosa.

"Enclosed find $1.72 for which please send four copies of the *Northern Messenger* to a mission or school in Japan for one year and oblige A FRIEND TO MISSIONS.

Four copies for thirteen months have been sent to the Rev. D. R. McKenzie, Kanagawa, Kaya, Japan.

Still another writes:—

"I have seen your offer for sending papers to Japan, I think it a is good work that will be blessed and rewarded. I have only lately started to serve the Lord and I find it is the best way to live and am anxious to do all I can to help his work along, so I send $1 to send the *Northern Messenger* to the ladies' school you mentioned, or to use in any other way productive of most good."

We sincerely hope that this work will go on and grow. If any of our subscribers wish their papers to go to missionaries of any special denomination, kindly let us know and we will write and secure suitable addresses from the secretaries of such boards. For the benefit of those who may have mislaid a back number, we will give again the table of reduced rates for which the *Northern Messenger* will be supplied to missionaries in foreign fields.

2 copies of *Northern Messenger* for one year					.70
3	"	"	"	"	$1.14
4	"	"	"	"	1.52
5	"	"	"	"	1.90
6	"	"	"	"	2.28
7	"	"	"	"	2.65
8	"	"	"	"	3.01
9	"	"	"	"	3.42
10	"	"	"	"	3.80

Address all letters

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

Northern Messenger.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

Every subscriber to the *Messenger*, either in clubs or singly, can have a copy of the picture "Christ before Pilate," by sending 25 cents in addition to the subscription price of the paper.

NEW CLUB RATES.

The following are the NEW CLUB RATES for the MESSENGER, which are considerably reduced:

1 copy				$ 0 30
10 copies to one address				2 25
20	"	"	"	4 40
50	"	"	"	10 50
100	"	"	"	20 00

Sample package supplied free on application JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, $3.00 a year, post-paid. MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.00 a year, post-paid. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Que.

CANADIAN STORIES.

The plan adopted by the publishers of the *Witness* and *Messenger* in setting all the school children in Canada and Newfoundland to work writing true stories of adventure or descriptions of pioneer life, has met with commendation from every portion of the country. The first to recognize its value were educationists, who have not stinted their praise in its favor, and offers of assistance have come from the highest authorities. The superintendents of education have written heartily in its favor. These are a few of the letters received from public school inspectors of Ontario:—

"I cannot speak too highly of your proposed competition. It will not only stimulate talent among the boys and girls, but bring out a host of interesting historical stories."
ARTHUR E. BROWN, Morrisburg,
Inspector for Dundas County.

"Your proposed enterprise is a laudable one, and I wish you much success in presenting it."
(Rev.) ROBERT TORRANCE,
Inspector for the city of Guelph.

"Your enterprise is most commendable. The county of Welland should furnish a large share of incidents worth preserving. Lundy's Lane, Niagara Falls, Brock's Monument, Laura Secord, Indian legends, etc., etc., are suggestive."
R. HARCOURT, (M.A., M.P.P.),
Inspector for Welland.

"Any aid in my power in furtherance of such a worthy object will be cheerfully given, and I hope your scheme will stimulate to a marked degree the study of pioneer life in our young country."
THOS. HILLIARD,
Inspector for Waterloo.

"Am in sympathy with the views expressed in your scheme, and will aid the competition in every legitimate way that I can."
ARCHIBALD SMIRLE,
Inspector for Carleton County.

"It will be a pleasure to me to assist you in any way I can."
THOMAS PEARCE,
Inspector for Waterloo Co. and towns of Galt and Berlin.

"Respecting the prize competition I believe your scheme will effect a national house-cleaning of the cobwebs off pioneer memories. I hope your enterprise will receive a deserving response, and I shall be glad to do anything I can to make it successful in the West."
JOHN DEARNESS, London,
Inspector for East Middlesex.

Mr. James L. Hughes, the public school inspector for Toronto, in a complimentary letter on the subject, thus alludes to his early relations with the *Witness*.

"It was the paper taken by my father when I was first able to read, in the County of Durham. When I was a farmer's boy I began writing for the newspapers by sending you an occasional rhyme, and you probably conferred the highest honor of my life on me by inserting the first I sent you."

Mr. Hughes has fought many a hard battle in the newspapers since those days.

Mr. J. E. Hodgson, Inspector of high schools for Ontario, writes:—"I think your enterprise is highly worthy of success."

The following letter from Mr. William Crockett, Chief Superintendent of Education for New Brunswick, is very encouraging:—"I am in hearty sympathy with your proposed plan for a Dominion Prize Competition, and shall be happy to co-operate with you in every way I can. May I ask you to allow an additional prize for this Province to meet the case of Portland, which has been a city since 1831, and has a school attendance of about 2,500 pupils. Your plan is intended to embrace all the cities of the Dominion, and your omission of Portland by name arises, no doubt, from not being aware that it is a city."

Portland has accordingly been added to the list of cities.

We again enumerate the prizes.

One "Dominion" prize for the best of all the stories, selected from the best of the "Province" prizes. This is a Remington Type-writer, with cover and four-drawer desk, worth $125, a most useful article for all writers, as MS. type-written has a much better chance of acceptance than when written by the pen.

EIGHT "Province" prizes for the best stories in each province and Newfoundland; Alberta, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and Keewatin being grouped with Manitoba as one. These prizes will be a complete set of the works of Francis Parkman, all bearing on events connected with the early history of Canada.

TWO HUNDRED AND FOUR "County" prizes for the best story from any county or city. For these prizes will be given a set of "Macaulay's History of England," in five volumes, in clear print, on good paper and strongly bound in cloth.

A prize of the *Northern Messenger* for a year for the best story from each school.

The cash value of these prizes, not counting the *Messenger*, is $1,265.

We ask our older readers to bring this competition, which will do more than almost anything else in educating the young to think well of their native country, under the notice of the members of their families attending school.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their post-office can get, instead, a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and to subscribers.

A GOOD REPUTATION—BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have been before the public many years, and are everywhere acknowledged to be the best remedy for all throat troubles. Mrs. S. H. Elliott, Ridgefield, Conn., says: "I have never been without them for the last thirty years. Would as soon think of living without breath." They quickly relieve Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchial Affections. Price 25 cents. For sale everywhere, and only in boxes.

IMPORTANT TO TEMPERANCE PEOPLE.

Persons who abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors can obtain a Life Insurance Policy, free of charge, in one of the strongest, safest, and best Societies in the country if applied for at once. Address (mention the *Northern Messenger*), INSURANCE AGENCY, Post Office Box 2023, New York City.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

JOLLY BABIES.

Is your baby jolly? or is it peevish? Lactated Food nourishes babies perfectly, keeping them healthy. Babies living upon it sleep well nights, laugh and crow days, always plump and happy. Regulates the bowels and helps in teething. At druggists, 25c., 50c., $1.00.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Montreal, P. Q.

THE "WEEKLY WITNESS"
—AND—
MANUAL OF BIBLICAL GEOGRAPHY.

The revised edition of Dr. Hurlbut's "Manual of Biblical Geography," is being much appreciated. It is prepared specially for the use of students and teachers of the Bible, and for Sunday school instruction, and contains over fifty maps, twenty-five of which are full page size, 12 in. by 10, and one of the Old Testament world, covers two pages. Besides these, the Manual contains a large number of special maps of important localities, mountains, cities, etc., and also a large number of colored diagrams showing heights of mountains, areas of tabernacle and temples and Bible weights and measures, with accurate views of the principal cities and localities. The retail price of this book is $2.75. By a special arrangement with the publishers we are enabled to offer this valuable work with one year's subscription to the *Weekly Witness* for only $2.75, the price charged for the book alone; or we will send it and the *Northern Messenger* for one year to any address for $2.00.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
"Witness" Office.
Montreal.

THE WITNESS.

A DAILY PAPER mailed to any address in Canada and the United States for $3.00 a year, that contains the latest news and most interesting reading, valuable market reports and everything that any person who wants to be kept fully informed of the events happening all over the world, cares to know.

A WEEKLY PAPER mailed to any address for $1.00 a year, with the world's news summarized, much interesting reading for the home circle, valuable hints worth many dollars a year to the thoughtful, Question and Answer columns by eminent specialists which are much thought of by subscribers, and a circulation of 31,000 copies, showing its great popularity.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

A perfect copy of a picture which was sold by the artist for $120,000 cash, a single copy being sent to any subscriber to the *Daily* or *Weekly Witness* and *Messenger* for 25 cents in addition to the subscription prices.

Send for sample copies of the papers and subscribe for them.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers,
Montreal, P. Q.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.